

PZ 3
.C633
Jot

FT MEADE
GenColl

DERSON IPPING



BY BENJ. F. COBB

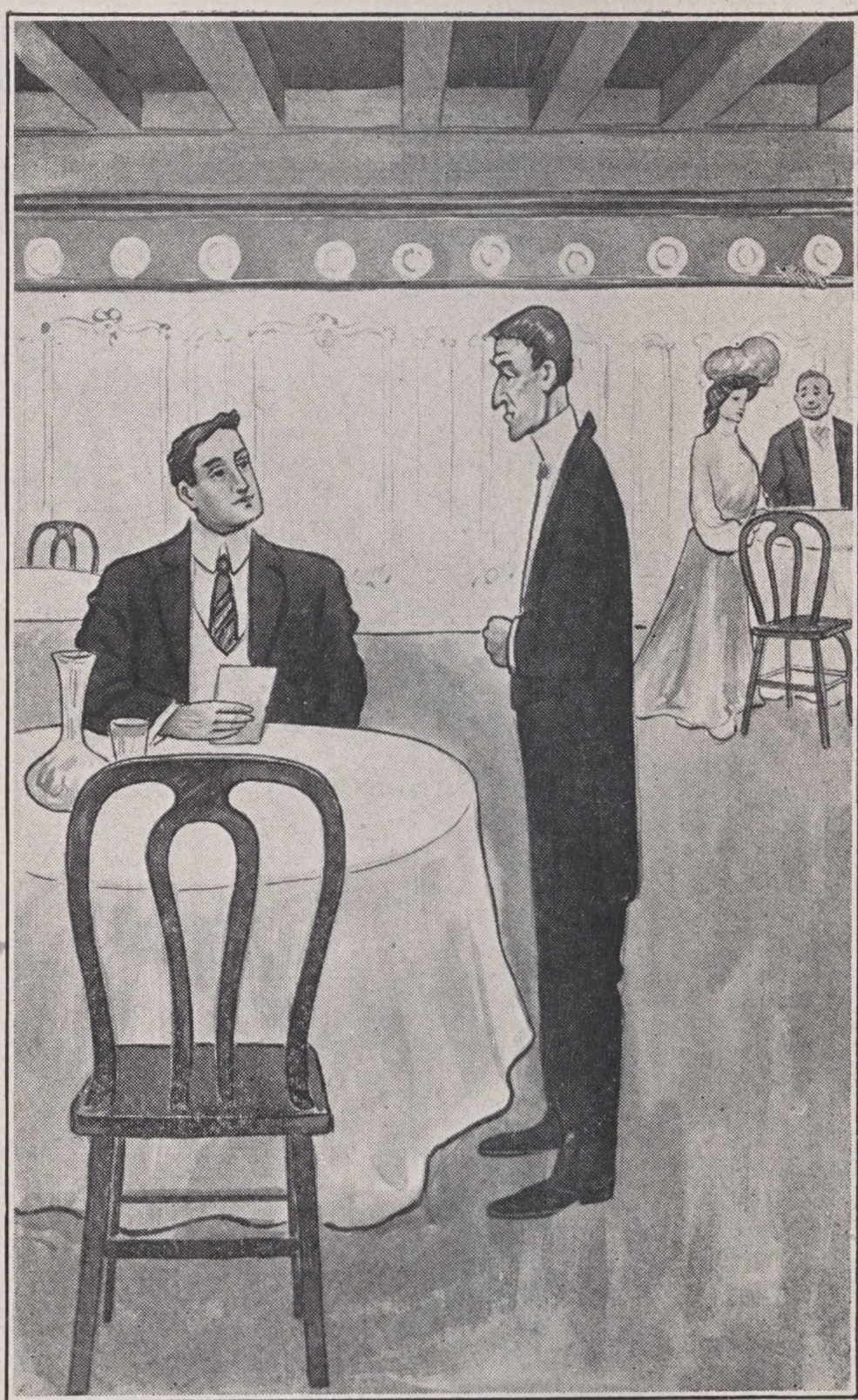


Class PZ 3

Book C633 Jot

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



“HOW MUCH YOU GOT?”

Jack Henderson

ON

Tipping

BY

BENJ. F. COBB

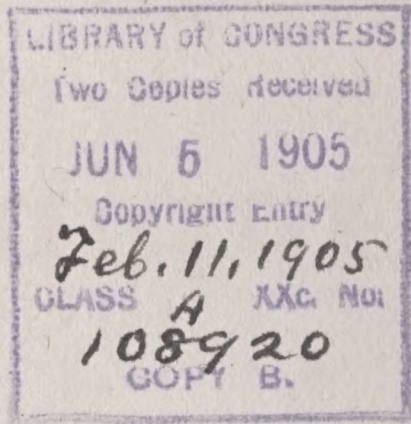
ILLUSTRATIONS BY

MARSHALL D. SMITH

)
)
))
)
))
))

NEW YORK
HURST AND COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

PZ³
C633 Jot



23

Copyrighted, 1905
BY BENJ. F. COBB
All Rights Reserved



Tipping as She is Tipped.

**Jack
Henderson.**

Tipping as She is Tipped.

Detroit, 19—.

Dear Billy:—

Not having traveled overly much it is not to be supposed that you are higher than a three-spot when you switch on to this subject, but “tipping as she is tipped” is one of the up-to-date accomplishments, Billy.

I propose in this letter to throw my little piece of radium on to it and show it up to your tender eyes, for it certainly dazzles me. I heard a street preaching guy telling about the advancement of all things and he named over everything he could think of but left out the drum major of the bunch, the cap sheaf, as it were, the one great and only that heads the procession. There is an art in tipping but the art is soon learned; one of the lost arts, however, is to get along without tip-

ping. The more I see of tipping the more I am convinced it is the correct thing, and the guy who started the anti-tipping club needs to roost high or he will get his tail feathers clipped. Just the same, I believe in the anti-tipping club. I wish that seventy-five per cent or more of the travelers would join it, then I would keep on tipping and be a true enough top-notch.

There is only one tipping rule for the man who travels, and that is to tip and keep tipping, particularly if you desire to get what is coming to you. Some methodical dubs have adopted the rule of giving to the waiters ten per cent of the amount paid for a meal. My plan is to give something if nothing but a cussing, but to give according to what I receive—and a good cussing is all that is coming to some of them, according to my rule.

I found a waiter in Shanley's once

who had been spoiled by the ten per cent habit. I dropped in there with a piece of calico and the bill came to six dollars and fifty cents. I gave his nibs seven dollars and when he brought back the half, I said:

“Keep it, old man.”

He lifted it on the plate and cocking one eye, said:

“The bill was six fifty,” meaning that I ought to come down with fifteen cents more.

“That’s right,” said I, “sixty fifty is enough for any dub to pay for a dinner,” and I pocketed the half and walked out.

I think he fainted,—at all events, I heard something fall as I walked away. The girl asked what the trouble was and I said:

“Nothing, only the waiter was too honest to take a tip,” and then she fainted.

The size of the tip that a fellow is supposed to be separated from de-

depends a good deal on the place; as a rule, the higher priced place you strike either in a hotel or restaurant (perhaps I should say a cafe), the smaller the portions and the larger the tips. You see in a real tony place where there is lots of gilt, pictures and Oriental rugs, the less they can afford to give you to eat and the more you have to pay for it; and the size of the tips you give should increase in proportion to the shrinkage of the portions you receive.

I started to go into a place in New York where the flunkeys were diked out with knee pants, silver shoe buckles and powdered wigs, and the silverware was sixteen-to-one on the tables, but when I saw the smiles on the faces of those flunkeys I backed up and got out. You see I was hungry and only had three thousand dollars in my pocket, and the Lord only knows what those powdered flunkeys would have held me up for; besides,

the dinner check would have been something.

The first time I went to Atlantic City I wanted to get wise on the tipping game, so I asked a modest looking waiter what I was expected to give up for tips in a place like that. I did not have to wait long for an answer. It was on the heels of what I said so quickly I thought I must have said it myself, "Howmuchyougot?" It was a stiff game, but I stood it a week and then went straight through to Chicago. That was the time I came home on crutches, Billy, don't you remember?

There is one thing I could never bring out straight and that is, how the average traveler will give a greasy nigger from a quarter to a half for giving him slight attention at the table, when they will let a nice, neat white girl wait on them in first-class shape and then walk off without so much as a "thank you." That ain't

me, Billy, the girls get my money. For that matter I suppose you will say they always did. All right, old man, I have no kick coming.

Did I tell you I came near getting married while I was down in Washington, D. C.? You see it was this way, Billy: Burt Olmstead was there with his wife, and we were all stopping at the Baldy, and Mrs. Olmstead told me she had been watching the girl who takes care of the hats and coats at the entrance of the dining-room, and as near as she could figure it out the girl was pulling in in tips ten or fifteen dollars a day. That looked awful good to me, and the next time I went in to dinner I stopped to have a talk with her. I had waited until the rush was over so as to have plenty of time, and say, Billy, she wasn't such a bad looker I found when I got my orbs on her at close range. The conversation was something like this, commencing with myself:

"Are you married?"

"No, sir."

"Would you like to be?"

"Oh, I don't know. That would depend some on the con man."

"What do you mean by the 'con man?'"

"Ain't you wise to that? Why, no guy gets a girl unless he cons her into it. I didn't think you were scant in the top-knot, you don't look the part."

"Never mind the 'scant' part. Just throw your lamps on me and tell me how you think I would stack up for the place."

"You are all right for looks, but how about the mazuma?"

"We'll have the mazuma all right if you will train in my company."

"That's all right, Duke, but what about my steady?"

"Why don't the duffer marry you?"

"He ain't ready yet, I reckon."

"Well, that's where your steady and me differ. I am ready right now.

You can put your shoes under my bed and commence P. D. Q. on one condition."

"What is the condition?"

"That you will hold on to your job right here until I can get hold of as good a graft."

Say, Billy, she grew two inches taller in half a minute, and then she struck an attitude and throwing her right hand out with the palm down, she said:

"Walk on, man; I have had offers from four Italian counts and two English lords within a week, but as they all suggested the same conditions, I am still single. But say, you are a good looker and if you should happen to want a job as chauffeur I might use you with my new touring car."

Wouldn't that give a fellow a smell of gasoline, though?

I made a foolish bet once while in Denver, with Dug Green. I bet him twenty plunks that I could live at

the Blue Palace a week without tipping anyone about the hotel. The only place that troubled me was the dining-room. I was sure I could get away with the bell boys and porters, although I knew I would get myself very much disliked. You know how bad I hate to get beat, Billy, so you must know how hard I tried to save that twenty, but it was no use—I soon found I was fighting against big odds and that the other side had some great generals. We made the bet on Monday morning before breakfast, and I was to commence at once. As I went into the cafe that morning I picked out a waiter whom I had tipped quite liberally the week before, and said to him:

“Sam, bring me a nice little breakfast. You know what I like.”

Sam brought me a nice sirloin steak, shirred eggs, rolls and a cup of coffee, and on the steak was a couple of slices of crisp bacon. When through with

my breakfast I walked out without giving Sam a tip. He showed his surprise and disappointment very plainly. According to my arrangement with Dug I was not to make any promises of future payment, and was to eat in the same dining-room during the week.

At lunch time Sam waited on me again and looked more puzzled than ever when I walked out without tipping him. At dinner I sat at another table and had another waiter, who of course knew that I had not tipped Sam, as every customer in a hotel is spotted and his measure taken by each flunkey for the benefit of the others. This waiter seemed to think that for some reason I had taken exceptions to Sam, therefore, he laid himself out to do his best to win my favor, thinking to draw an extra tip from me. It was of no use, however, as when through I walked out, leaving nothing to smooth the rough places off his hard and lumpy thoughts.

My plan then was to change tables each meal, as I thought in that way I could get through the week and save my bet, but you know the old saying, "White man proposes and a nigger trips him up"—at least Dug told me it was an old saying. Imagine my surprise the next morning as I sat down to a table far removed from Sam's side of the dining-room to find that he was to wait on me.

"Bring me a nice little breakfast, Sam," said I, and it was brought—that is, it was little but not nice. The steak was tough, the bacon was raw and the potatoes were cold. I stood it until Thursday morning, and then dodged into the dining-room when I saw Sam had all he could attend to. As I came in the door the head waiter sent some one to take Sam's place, and Sam came to me with a smile on his face that boded no good for yours truly.

"Sam," said I, "you d— rascal,

you bring me a nice breakfast; you know what I like and you see that it is all right. If I have any more of your nonsense I will talk to the head waiter about you, and if that doesn't do any good I will tie you up in a knot. I mean what I say, do you hear me?"

"I sho does," said Sam, and he left me without another word.

I made up my mind that I was on the right track to win the twenty. Dug came in when I did, but as we had agreed not to sit together, he had taken a seat at another table. I was interested in flirting with a girl at another table, and when I looked around Dug was through with his breakfast and was evidently waiting to see how I was coming out. After a time a strange coon came in with my breakfast, and a worse outfit I never have struck up against. The steak was stone cold and so was the coffee.

"Boy," said I, "where in h— has this meat been since it cam off the fire?"

"Sam done took it ouden de ice chest, sar."

"Out of the ice chest?" questioned I.

"Yes, sar, he done tole me you war a hot-headed sort o' pussen, sar, and dat you had to hab yo' breakfast cooled off, sar."

I looked at the nigger. He was about six feet tall and a good, husky fellow withal, and I then noticed that the coat he had on was several sizes too small for him. I caught on to the scheme. Sam had changed places with a pot wrestler and sent him in to save himself trouble. I looked over towards Dug, and he had on a broad grin. Then I caught a glimpse of the head waiter. He had a queer look on his face that I did not understand. The whole thing was too much for me. I gathered up the dishes that held the steak, coffee, eggs, etc., and the next thing that happened they landed square on that nigger's head and shoulders. The weight of the truck took the big

brute to the floor, and there was a mixture of eggs, steak and nigger that must have taken some time to scrape apart. The nigger picked himself up and fairly flew to the kitchen, and there was a commotion in the dining-room better imagined than described. I was on my feet mad enough to fight a Spanish bull. While I stood there glowering at Dug and the rest of the push, I spied Sam keeping just out of my reach. I knew I was beaten, and, digging a dollar out of my pocket, I motioned him to me and said, as I handed him the dollar:

“Here, you black rascal, bring me my breakfast.”

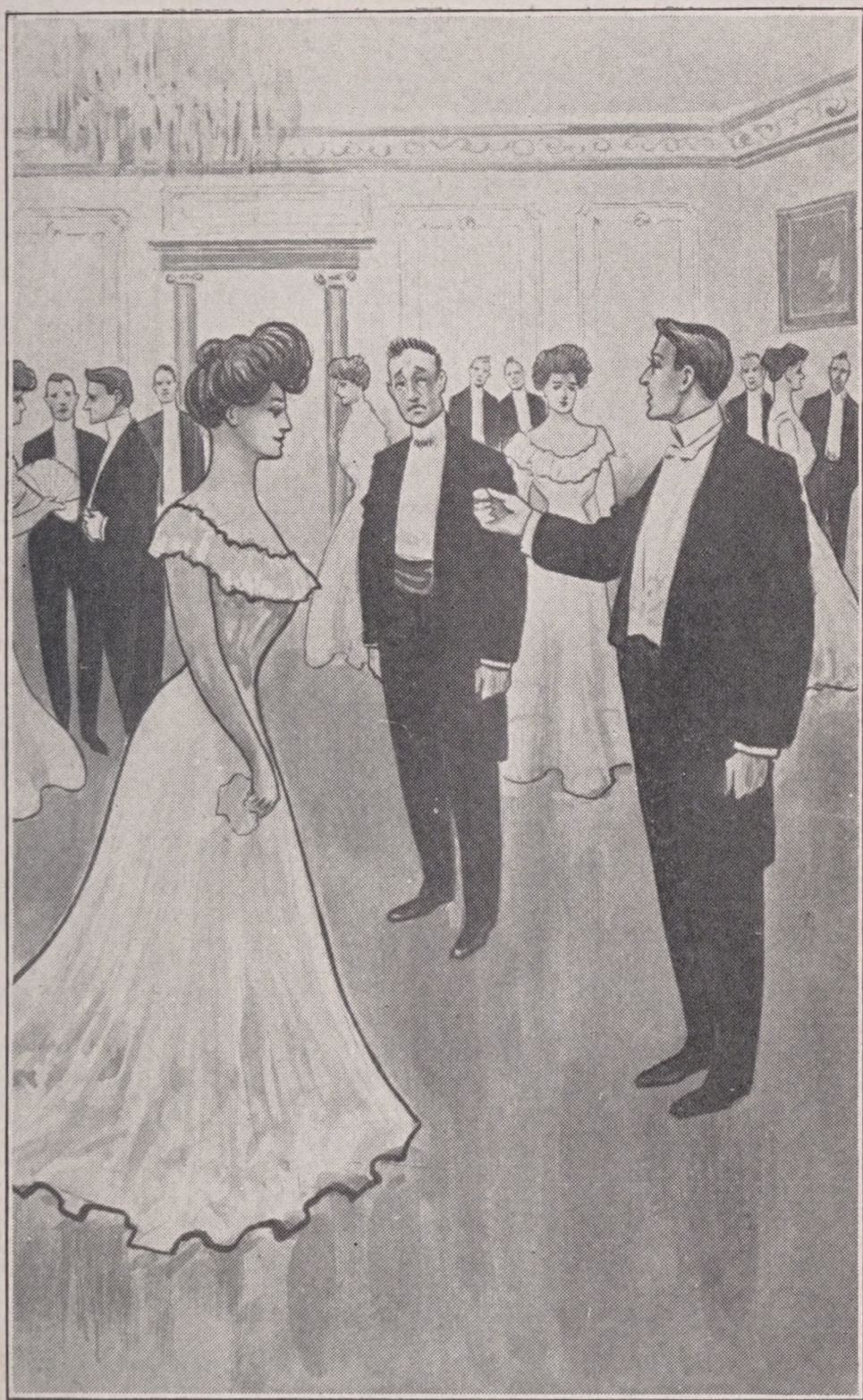
In three minutes more Sam was back with a breakfast to my liking. I afterwards found that my breakfast had been cooked for me each morning but I had to give in to get it.

There is a moral in this: Tip and keep tipping; that is the only way you can get what is coming to you. I not

only lost the bet, but I queered myself
with the girl I had been flirting with
for a week.

Yours,

Jack.



"HERE, JIM, RUN ALONG, AND GET THIS
LADY AN ICE."

To Tip or Not to Tip.

**Jack
Henderson.**

To Tip or Not to Tip.

On Board Train, 19—.

Dear Billy:—

Writing on train is not the best of a task, but when I feel like writing I must write or you would get no letters. I have just been in to dinner in the dining-car, and there I met a tan-colored coon who used to wait on us up to the Poker Club on Clark Street. That coon ought to be rich with the tips he has pinched out of us; most likely he would be if he had not played so much policy.

You ought to have seen him swell up when he saw me; he acted as though he was carrying the secret of my birth, or something else equally as interesting. He started to shake hands with me, but when he saw that three-karat uneasy payment diamond I am wearing in my shirt front, he

backed up and got away. He came back as soon as he could get his breath and I had the best there was in the car and a very large portion of it. Of course, he expected a half for what he stole from the company, and of course he got it, but it made me feel as though I had laid myself liable to arrest as an accessory before the fact in a larceny case.

Running across this nigger and noticing how easy he pried a half out of me, made me hark back to other things that have happened and then I got doubtful as to my former decision as to tipping being the right thing to do. After all it is not so much a question of right and wrong as it is a case of can a fellow afford not to do it?

I remember going into a Broadway hotel in New York once and deciding beforehand that I would do no tipping. The first time I went into the dining-room the head coon bowed me in very graciously, as he had never seen me

before, and I most likely looked easy; he gave me in charge of a dull-looking waiter and let it go at that. The waiter was bum, to put it mildly, and as I made up my mind that I did not owe him anything, he did not get anything.

The next time I went into that dining-room I was given a different table and a different waiter. This waiter was a little better than the other one and seemed to try hard to do everything to please me, but I had steeled my heart against all waiters and I was not in a mind to show the white feather or the soft heart, whichever it might be called.

The next time I came into the dining-room I received very slight notice from the "King of the Cannibal Islands," as I had designated the big moke at the door, and I was turned over to the tender mercy of a six-foot coon who had a hand like a ham and teeth that reminded me of a mile of

painted fence palings. This black slugger did not waste any time on me. He demanded my order as though he meant my watch and diamond pin, and when he came back with the stuff, he threw it at me as though he was pitching quoits at an iron pin. He only gave me a half portion of butter, and then kept out of my way so I could not get any more.

I called to another waiter, but the only satisfaction I got was:

"I am not waiting on you."

When I asked him to call my waiter, I was passed by as though he had not heard me. I called the assistant head waiter, only to be told that the waiters were very busy, and were doing the best they could.

When I realized I was up against it good and plenty I rested on my oars, awhile, wondering how I would play even. While I was thinking it over and wondering if I would be obliged to acknowledge myself beaten, my

waiter, thinking I was through, came to me and asked if I was done. At the same time another waiter came on the scene holding a huge tray high over his head. The tray was filled to the guards with everything from soup to pie. An idea struck me, but I had to be quick.

I dropped my fork, my waiter stopped to pick it up, and, as he was stooping, I kicked my chair from under me and, throwing myself on all fours in front of the fast approaching waiter with the tray, causing him to trip and bring the tray and its contents fair on top of my waiter's back and head.

I escaped without a spatter, the incoming waiter got but little, but the poor devil of a nig that was supposed to wait on me got a good bit more than I expected, for he was not only drenched with the soup, gravy, chicken potpie, custard pie, and a few other edibles, but a broken piece of crockery or glass took him in the back of the

head and cut a good-sized gash. Either this or his striking the floor with his head put him out of business, for he never moved a muscle. The head waiter and the assistant head waiter came rushing up, and there was a general stampede of guests to see what was the matter. I was the first to demand to know how it all happened.

The proprietor came in and gave orders for the removal of the debris, and, incidentally, of the waiter also. He was picked up and carried out, and so were the dishes.

After the nigger had been carried out, there was a good deal of talk about how it happened. They found the nig who had the tray and demanded of him what part he had in it. He was just about to open his mouth when I stepped in front of him, clenched my fist and looked him square in the eye.

“Fo’ de Lawd, I don’ know how it all did come about. I jes’ tripped on sumthin’ and dar I was.”

With this explanation Mr. Nig slid out of the way. The next time I came in the dining-room I was fitted out with an umbrella handle. It was one of the largest ones I ever saw and shaped not unlike a revolver handle. This I had in my hip pocket. I threw my coat tails to one side and exposed for a moment the top of the handle to the gaze of the head waiter. After I was sure he had seen it I walked up to him and said:

“Look here, Sam, you saw my gun, but you only saw one of the pair. They are forty-fours and will carry a bullet through a six-inch plank. Now, I don’t propose to be held up by you damned rascals any more. What I want of you is to put me to the same table each time, give me as good a waiter as you have in the house, and see that I am waited on in first-class shape. If you do this, all right; if not, there will be a pile of dead niggers here that will bring on international complications.”

"I don' know what yo' mean, sar."

My hand went to my hip pocket, but before I had time to draw, the moke threw up his hands and cried out:

"Fo' de Lawd, mister man, you can hab any waiter yo' want."

The head waiter seated me himself, and I was never waited on better in my life, and it was kept up as long as I stayed in the house. I expected to be interviewed about those concealed weapons, but was not, and the umbrella handle did service equally as well as a cannon.

The negro is strong on long words, and about three days after my calling down the head waiter, he stopped me as I was leaving the dining-room and said:

"Mister Henderson, what's dis yer international complexions you told me about dat day?"

"Is it possible you don't know, Sam? Don't you attend church every Sunday?"

"I suah does, sar, but we hain't got none of dose things about our church."

"Oh, yes you have, only you don't see all there is going on about the church. International complications, Sam, act the same on the heart as vermiform appendix does on the liver, and it is a serious thing when they both begin working at once."

"Yes, sar," said Sam, as he bowed me out, and there was a puzzled look on his face that proved to me that I had raised about twenty feet in his estimation. I was only there two days more, but I think he stood more in awe of me on account of the big words I tossed him as I passed him each day than of the two big guns he thought I had.

I was stopping in Detroit at one time and had been introduced by some would-be society sports to the smart set, and Detroit has a smart set, even if the people generally are bigotted. I suppose these society boys thought

they would have some fun with me when they got me up against some of those society bathing costumes, but I did not balk at them. I had seen them before on people who did not lay claim to so much respectability.

Perhaps I should say why I claim that the people of Detroit are bigotted. I want to tell you, Billy, you can gamble that the people of any town are bigotted when they will not accept Standard time, but have Sun time for their business and claim that the railroad people are a half an hour out of the way. The so-called Christian people should rise above anything of this kind, for these two-time towns are the cause of more profanity than any other one thing that I know of. All the prayers of all the good people in Christendom will not keep the traveling men out of h— if they don't get this fool idea out of their heads of having a time of their own in these jay towns, and it can only be a jay

town that will keep that much behind the trains.

Standard time was inaugurated for the benefit of all the people in the United States, and these guys who are not willing to go with the push have no particular excuse for living.

I started to tell you about my adventure with the smart set in Detroit, or rather my adventure at one of their functions. That word functions, Billy, is answerable for a lot of bum doings that I know about, and that only covers a small territory. I had on my turkey tail suit, just like a waiter, and felt as though the waist bands of my trousers were coming up through that big hole in the front of my vest. I had on a little dinkey tie, made out of some white stuff that I did not dare to put my hands on for fear I would make a mark on it, and I had one of those choker standing collars like a priest, that keeps a fellow guessing whether he is coming back or going

ahead. On the whole I was not feeling any too good with that suit and perhaps was not altogether answerable for what I said and did.

When a lady looked at me more than a second I thought something was the matter with my clothes, and I could feel my face getting as red as a pickled beet.

I was standing around looking as though I would sell myself for a song or less, when one of those waistless dresses started toward me. It had a woman in it and I got scared. I thought she was about to tell me my collar was unbuttoned or that my shirt front had wilted.

"Mr. Henderson," said she, "will you please send for an ice for me?"

"Sure," said I, quite relieved that it was no worse. I turned about and seeing a fellow that I thought waited on me that morning at the hotel, I said:

"Here, Jim, run along and get this lady an ice."

Jim did not move, and thinking he was waiting for a tip in advance, I handed him a quarter, saying:

“Get a move on you now, don’t waste any more time.”

“I am a guest,” said he, but he spoke so low the lady did not hear, but she heard me tell him to get the ice, and I could see but one way out.

“You get that ice,” said I, “or I will break your d——d head. I did not know you were a guest and you have no business to look so much like a waiter,” and I not only made him get the ice, but I made him take the quarter.

I think they would do better up there if they used Standard time.

Yours,

Jack.



"STOCKYARDS," SAID HE, "USED TO BE A
RIPPER."

Merry Christmas.

**Jack
Henderson.**

Merry Christmas.

Pittsburgh, Pa., 19—.

Merry Christmas, Billy:—

This is the time and this is the town. It is Christmas and there is no town that needs it more than this one does. In Chicago when a fellow puts on a polished shirt front he usually comes in with a polka dot at least, but here it changes from a laundry polish to a shoe polish.

Here we are, right in the midst of the festal season. Dug and I have been trying a new kind of liquor every day for a week to get the exact right thing for the holidays. Queer about Christmas, Billy, there seems to be something in the air that makes a duffer want to give something to every guy who is worse off than he is.

I saw a hard looking old dub on the street on Christmas morning; he

did not seem to know which way to turn; his clothes were whole, but had been worn shiney. He had no overcoat and his old plug hat looked as though it had done duty for many a year. I touched him on the shoulder and said to him:

"Come with me, old man, and take a drink." The old man looked surprised.

"I don't drink, sir," said he, "and it would be better for you if you did not, either."

"All right, old man," said I, "I admire your principles, but I deplore the loss of so much fun on your account, and by the way," said I, noticing how drawn and pinched the old man's face looked, "if you wouldn't waste so much money on grub and put a little of it into good whiskey for yourself, it would help out your looks a heap."

I imagined the old man looked hurt at something I had said and not wish-

ing to hurt anyone's feelings on Christmas morning, I handed him a dollar and left him. He seemed to take the dollar reluctantly and I felt then that I must have touched the old man's pride.

As we walked down the street I noticed we were followed by a couple of nicely dressed gentlemen, and I also noticed that they were wonderfully pleased about something; in fact, they seemed to be immoderately pleased for they were laughing good and plenty. As they came close to us I turned and said to them:

"If that is a jag you have you ought to have divided it with some one else; it will hurt you to carry that load all day."

"No," said one of them as he leaned against a tree and talked between laughs, "we are not jagged, but we are willing and it is up to you to do the proper."

"Up to me," said I, "what's chewing you?"

"Oh! not a thing, only I was wondering how you would feel when you found out that the fellow you gave the dollar to was old Josiah Grubb, who is known to be worth two million and is too mean to feed his face regularly."

Billy, I have had a good many raw turns, but this capped them all. I thought at first I would go back and make him cough that dollar up again, but I only went back to prove that our two new found friends were right. Then I bought wine. This Christmas giving is a great stunt, Billy, and there is certainly one dollar that I have put into safe keeping.

Speaking of Christmas giving reminds me that the average Christmas present is a gift of something that we would like to own to someone who has a very bad opinion of our individual taste.

Dug has a cousin who is attending a theological school in Boston and a couple of days before Christmas, Dug

had wired me to send this cousin a suitable present. This was a little out of my line, but I did the best I could and then promptly forgot about it. On Christmas day Dug received a number of presents, and among them a bundle from Clarence Hulburt, the theological student. Dug showed it to me; it consisted of two books, one was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and the title of the other was "How to Be Good Though Rich." Dug was laughing.

"What an ass," said I, "sending such things as that to anyone."

This waked Dug up to the fact of my buying something for this same fellow and he asked me what I sent him.

"Sent him?" said I. "I sent him the neatest little poker outfit you ever laid your eyes on, four decks of cards and over three hundred chips. The cleanest looking white ones and red ones that would make you bluff on a

pair of fours, and blues that were a dream. I never had so many chips on my side of the table at one time, and for a fact, Dug, I hated to see them go."

Dug turned as pale as a ghost and groaned.

"What is the matter?" said I, jumping towards him.

"Matter," said he, "you d——d idiot, do you really mean to tell me you sent an outfit like that to a man who is studying for the ministry?"

"Why not," said I; and up to now I can't see what there was to groan over. There was sure more fun in that poker outfit than in the books he sent to Dug, if I am any judge.

Christmas is all right, though, even if the presents don't fit the right spot. I never knew of but one family that could hit it right every time. That family consisted of a man and his wife. The man usually bought his wife a box of cigars or a pipe, and she

would buy him a pair of earrings, a breastpin or a box of candy. If he did not like the earrings she would wear them, and the cigars never came amiss. Taking it all in all, it is a day that makes a fellow feel generous, whether the money he is spending belongs to him or to some one else.

Christmas Eve I went into the hotel barber shop to get shaved. As I sat down in a chair I noticed that I had drawn a long, cadaverous-looking cuss for a barber who seemed to take full possession of anything that came within his reach. He had caught on to my name, somehow, and as I sat down he said:

"Your hair needs trimming, Mr. Henderson. It is a little ragged around the edges."

I knew well enough that my hair did not need cutting, and was about to say so when he butted in with:

"It's Christmas to-morrow, you know, Mr. Henderson," and while he

was saying it he was pulling out the headrest. It was Christmas Eve, and I did not want to make him feel bad, so I let him go ahead. One thing I liked about him, he did not seem to be one of the talking kind; that is to say, he did not say much, but what he did say you felt that he meant. After he was through cutting my hair, he laid my head back, and, with those long swipes of his, laid the lather on all parts of me that showed above my collar. Then he commenced on me with his razor. He was long at this. He would lay his razor on above my cheek-bone, and with one swipe would rake down over my cheek and land under the tip of my chin. I fairly held my breath. After he had given me a couple of swipes of that kind he stopped to wipe his razor.

“Look here,” said I; “what did you work at before you struck the barber trade?”

“Stock Yards,” said he, taking a

swipe down the other side of my face with that infernal razor; "used to be a ripper," he added. And before my mind's eye came a long row of hogs strung up by the hind legs and my friend of the razor going down the line giving each one a slash down the middle. Again I held my breath, and, after a few more of those swiping cuts, I was washed off and jerked into an upright position.

"Singe?" I heard him say, and, before I could utter a protest a blaze of fire was dancing about my head. This was another case of hold your breath. Then I was thrown on my back again, and lengthy was massaging my face. He was handling it as though it was a piece of putty, and I wondered if I would know myself if I ever got a chance to look in the glass again. Then I was bounced into an upright position again, and I heard him say something about the danger of taking cold. The next I knew those

long fingers were going through what was left of my hair, executing what he called an alcohol shampoo. There was nothing further he could do for me, but, as he presented me with my check, he slipped a bottle of hair tonic into my pocket.

"Greatest tonic on earth," said he. "There are indications that your hair will begin to fall out in a few years, and you should be prepared."

The check was two dollars and forty cents. I handed him three one dollar bills.

"Thanks!" said he, looking at the bills. "Sixty cents is the smallest tip I have had to-day, but it is all right, old man. Come in again."

I clinched the bottle of hair tonic in one hand and a strong desire came to me to kill that barber on the spot. I took a step towards him. He had put the money away, had gotten hold of his razor with his right hand, and was stropping it on the palm of his

left. A vision of those slashed hogs came before me, and I walked out, but if I ever meet that man separated from his razor, there is going to be trouble.

I am keeping a little book now and putting in it the things to be avoided. One of the first things down is to avoid a hotel barber shop on Christmas Eve. You can never forget that it is Christmas time. They commence telling you about it a week before Christmas, and don't let up until a week after New Year's.

When you first come into a hotel the boy shows you to your room, and after setting down your grip in the only place in the room where you would rather not have it, he fixes the windows. They most likely don't need fixing, but he fixes them anyway. If they are shut, he opens them, and if they are open he shuts them. Then, if you don't notice him, he stands on one foot awhile, then changes off and

stands on the other. Then he coughs, and, if that doesn't fetch you, he says:

"Anything more I can do for you?"

You say "No," and he puts you down for a cheap guy and then goes down and tells the news to the rest of the bell hops.

The one who showed me up at this place wasn't to be put off so easy. After he had worked all the old grafts he said:

"It's going to be fine weather for Christmas."

"All right," said I. "If you will pull off a good sunshiny day, you can come to my room and get a half a dollar," and then the little beggar asked me if I was going to be here Christmas. I got rid of this boy for the time being on a promise, but I knew that half would have to be paid if Christmas brought in a cyclone.

The elevator boy sprung a new one on me. He handed out a catch-penny Christmas box and said:

"Ain't that a peach?"

"Sure," said I, wondering what he would say next.

"Then put a stone in it," said he. That cost me a quarter.

In the dining room each waiter wished me a "Merry Christmas," and then you would see his hand slide out toward you as though he could not help it. Every chambermaid on my floor swore that she had waited on me at some other hotel, but the boy at the coat room took the palm. He wiped off my boots with a cloth, helped me on with my coat and brushed it, then as I was walking away, said:

"Thank you, sah; thank you, very kindly."

"What in H—— are you thanking me for; I didn't give you anything."

"No, sah; no, sah!" said he, hesitatingly; "I only thanked yo' cause yo' let me bresh yo' off, sah."

What a fellow needs is one of those

change-holders that the street car conductors use, with a place for each kind of a coin. But he would need more than that. He would need a national bank to keep the thing supplied.

Yours,

Jack.



"HOLDING PEOPLE'S HANDS THAT YOU
HAVE NEVER BEEN INTRODUCED TO."

Swearing Off.

**Jack
Henderson.**

Swearing Off.

Philadelphia, 19—.

Dear Billy:—

The New Year's days have come, the saddest of the year—when every dub a fellow knows swears off on booze and beer. Oh, say! But doesn't it make you tired—this swearing off business?

I went down the line on New Year's morning, from the Malton to the Singum House, and every man I asked to take a smile cocked his eye, shook his head and croaked "water wagon." I went back to the Malton, pulled Dug out of bed, and could hardly wait for him to dress before I hurried him into the bar for a morning's morning. D— a man, I say, who doesn't know when he has enough. That was the toast we drank to, and before we had

worn that toast out we certainly had enough and we knew it.

We did some great calling on New Year's day, but a fellow can't call at every booze joint in the Quaker City without having a load he can feel. In our wanderings for new booze joints to conquer, we accidentally got into a barber shop. I think it was the bottles of colored fluid that attracted us. We were trying to find an excuse for coming in when I saw a sign which read: "No one allowed to tip the barbers."

"Good," said I to myself; "here is one place where we play even." I called Dug's attention to it, and we planted ourselves in chairs. That was the slickest shave I ever got, and the barber I had—why, he ought to have been a trained nurse: he was so solicitous of my health and comfort.

"This not allowing you chaps to take any tips is a great scheme," said I. "How do you like it?"

"Like it," said the barber; "it's great. And we make more this way than we did before."

"More pay, I suppose?"

"No, we get the same pay."

"Then how can you make more?"

The barber laughed.

"Then you ain't on?" said he. "It's the slickest ever. You notice that little fancy cup on the shelf?"

I told him I had noticed it.

"Well," commenced he, "that cup does the business. We are not allowed to receive any tips, and we tell everybody so, and we also tell them about the fancy cup, and tell them we cannot help it if they want to send a present to our baby, and it is a nervy guy who will toss in less than a quarter on a plea like that. It looks small, you know. Besides, my baby has not been feeling well for the past few days."

"So you are married and got children?" said I.

"Well, no; not exactly. I am not

married, and of course haven't any children, but I have the sweetest baby you ever saw. She is about twenty-seven summers old, and if any one should ask you, she is about the warmest baby in the bunch, and she does need money. Say, my friend, a chap came in here yesterday that put a dollar into that fancy little dish and he said, as he did it:

"That's for the baby."

I got out of the chair. As I did so he handed me the fancy cup. This made me mad, and I said to him:

"Look here, you tonsorial lobster, you and your baby will be obliged to worry along without anything from me for a while longer," and I looked him fair in the eye that he might understand I meant business.

"That's all right, my friend. You do exactly as you please, of course. Should be pleased to have you call again, and will treat you the best I know."

He certainly was the limit and was trying hard to make me feel like a two-cent piece. As I turned my eyes from him they encountered a very fetching pair of eyes that belonged to the manicure lady. She not only had a fine pair of eyes, but she knew how to use them. I had always thought I would like to have one of those chiropodist ladies hold my hand for me, but I always hated to have it happen before a lot of barbers; but this one was different. She could have held my hands sitting on the sidewalk on Chestnut Street, with all the shoppers loose on the street. She made me put one of my hands in water and soak it up for a while, and then she commenced to get in her work. Say, but she had the softest hands and the most delicate touch. Oh, my! It just took my breath away for a minute. After a while I began to get a little used to it and found myself able to talk.

“You are an awfully sweet girl to

be wasting your time sitting around a barber shop," said I; "holding people's hands that you have never been introduced to."

"Oh, I don't know!" said the Queen. "This is no ordinary shop, and my customers are all very nice."

"They can't be nice enough to you," said I, "and it's a wonder to me you stay here."

"What do you think I ought to do?"

"You ought to get a position where you would only have one pair of hands to take care of," said I; and then for fear she would not understand me I said:

"Why don't you get married?" She laughed.

"I don't know any one who would have me."

"Did you ever advertise?"

"No," said she. "I never thought of that. I am doing pretty well here."

"How much do you get for holding hands like this?"

"Fifty cents is the regular price, but sometimes I put in a little more work and then my customers give me more."

"Then," said I; "you just throw in a squeeze or two and I will make this job two dollars."

She smiled, which showed her dimples in good shape, and when she caught hold of me again I could feel the effect clear up my back. This was a new deal for me, but it was worth the money.

"Look here, little queen," said I. "Why can't you meet me after you get out to-night and have a nice little supper somewhere?"

"I would like to awful well, but I am afraid I couldn't do it. You see, I have a steady, and I couldn't afford to break with him just for one evening with a stranger."

"Just my luck," said I, "I never saw anything yet that I really wanted that some guy didn't have a prior claim to it."

Just at this time Dug pulled away from the barber who had him under control and coming over to where I was, said:

"Cut that out, Jack; let's get out of this."

The queen cut her work short, but she froze on to the two dollars just the same, and worse than that she handed it to the barber whom I had refused to tip, saying as she handed it to him:

"Here's two bucks for you, Charlie," and then turning to me she added, "that's my steady."

The d— lout of a barber got my money after all. I met the queen on the street once afterwards. Her eyes were not working, some one had bruised them for her.

"What's the matter, little one," said I, "who has been trying to put your lamps out?"

"That steady of mine," said she, "he accused me of holding out on him."

"Why don't you quit him, little one?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that. You see he is always good to me when he doesn't booze or he gets it into his fool head that I am flirting with some one."

And still we wonder at crime.

The little queen has passed out of my life, and me—have I sworn off on queens? Well, not exactly, but if I know it I have sworn off on barber's queens.

Dug and I were out on the Germantown road the other evening. We were out to see some friends and had taken a few bowls with Hank and a few bowls with Jim, and when we got ready to start home we were feeling rich, good natured and prosperous, and Germantown road, Billy, doesn't run the same as the other streets in Philadelphia, but looks as though it had been taken from some other city and dropped into Philadel-

phia crossways. This plays hob with the street corners and a fellow never knows where the street cars are going to stop.

We stationed ourselves at a corner, where we figured they ought to stop, and waited. When the car came it went by us like the wind and the motorman was motioning us to get to the next corner. By the time we got to the next corner, the car was half way down town. Dug was mad, but I reminded him that we had all night to get to the hotel in, and that we were safe for the next car. It was late and the cars did not run often, but one came at last. The first thing I noticed when the car hove in sight was the motorman gesticulating with all his might for us to get back to the corner where we were before. This made Dug madder than ever and he would not stir and, of course, the car went by us again. I laughed, which did not improve Dug's temper.

"Think you are smart, don't you?" said he. "Now, I am going to make you pay for this. I will bet you a sawbuck that the next car stops right between these points," indicating the two corners where we had missed before.

I took the bet, taking a chance that his scheme, whatever it was, would fail. We both took our places at the point where Dug said the car would stop and awaited results. In a few minutes another headlight showed us that another car was coming. There was a cab standing by the curb with a tag on it marked "Public Cab," and when the car was about a block and a half away, Dug grabbed the whip out of the socket and caught the horse by the bridle, and with a little cussing and whipping, brought the cab directly across the car track. Unbeknown to us the driver was sleeping inside the cab, the movement of the cab awakened him and about the time the

wheels struck the car track, the driver fell out of the door of the cab and landed on all fours in the street. He regained his feet and as soon as he saw Dug at the horse's head a sulphuric string of oaths rolled out of his mouth that it is not often the privilege of a white man to hear.

"You blankety blank fool," said the driver, "what are you trying to steal my horse for?"

"Hold on there, young fellow," said Dug, "your horse was running away and I caught him at the risk of my life. You ought to thank me, not curse me."

"You are a liar," said the cabbie, "that horse can't run."

This was too much for Dug and he promptly knocked the cabbie down. By this time the car had stopped with the fender touching the wheels of the cab. The cabbie had regained his feet and was hollowing "Bloody murder" at the top of his voice. Dug let

go of the bridle and hit the horse a couple of cuts across the rump. This set him off on a dog trot down the road and the cabbie took after him. Dug and I boarded the car, the conductor gave the signal to go ahead and this closed the incident so far as we were concerned. I guess the cabbie caught his horse, anyway he wouldn't be much loss.

It cost me ten dollars, but it put Dug in good humor and he tells now that if I want something else to swear off on I can swear off on betting against a sure thing.

Yours,

Jack.



"A DUFFER WINKED AT HER."

Grafting.

**Jack
Henderson.**

Grafting.

Indianapolis, Ind., 19—.

Dear Billy:—

Grafting is tipping on a large scale. The average man kicks because the porters, bell boys and waiters hold him up for his small change, but the chances are if you should find out all about the kicker you would find he was a grafter and one of the worst kind.

At the St. Louis exposition I wandered into a dancing hall where the Turkish dancers were going through their agonies, and in looking about the audience, I saw a bumpkin taking in the show. Beside him was his Sunday girl, who was trying to be shocked by the performance. After one or two looks she dropped her eyes and would not be comforted. The guy, who was grinning all over his

face, had to take her out, but she was only doing what the grafter often does, playing to the grand stand. If that girl was my wife I would put a detective on her trail right from the start. She reminded me of a woman I saw in Los Angeles once.

This woman was married and very modest, but she got stuck on a friend of mine who was a good deal of a rounder, and she used to come down town to meet him two or three times a week. One day she was coming down in the car and a duffer winked at her. She was wild with indignation, shed tears in the car and demanded that the car be stopped and the conductor call a policeman. The masher left the car, the modest lady kept her appointment with her sweetheart and telephoned to her husband from their trysting place that she was home darning his socks.

The telephone is a great thing, Billy, and by the way it is the bell-

wether as a grafter. Just show this to the president of the old company in Chicago, he knows it. It doesn't do to judge from appearances, Billy. Things are not always as they seem. Speaking of grafting, it doesn't always mean money, but it costs money to go the pace. I was in a town not a hundred miles from this one a short time ago when I ran across Johnny Morgan. You remember Johnny, he was always one of the good boys. He was so d——d good it used to make me mad and I licked him often just because he was so good that it worried me. When Johnny got big enough he went to work instead of living on the old man, like you and I did, and I laid it up against him as much as I did his being good. It seems Johnny has gotten to be a crack salesman and is traveling for a school book house. Easiest thing in the world to sell, I should think, if a fellow has the best, but Johnny says not.

Perhaps I am not learning a lot about tips, or graft, as it is called when it gets into society. You see in order to get his books introduced, Johnny is obliged to present his case to the superintendent of schools. If he succeeds in getting him coming his way, the next thing to do is to tackle the school board. Johnny got this far in telling his story to me and it struck me he was making a strong drink out of a weak one.

“Look here, Johnny,” said I, “what better do you want than that you have an intelligent, educated lot of men to deal with who are after the best thing that can be had for the interests of the school?”

“One minute,” said Johnny, and he swelled up with his superior knowledge of the business, “it is not the educated, intelligent side of the board I have to deal with, but it is the same side that the graft aldermen in the Chicago City Council shows when you want to get a bill through.”

"Do you mean," said I, "that these school boards have to be seen?"

"Do they? Well, I should say they do, and if they are very intelligent or very well educated they have to be seen two or three times."

Wouldn't that knock an educated pup off the balance pole, Billy?

"How are you getting along in this town?" said I.

"That's just it, Jack, I am not getting along at all. I have them all but one on my side, but he has sort of taken a dislike to me and I can't budge him an inch. I thought perhaps you might help me out as you are something of a schemer, besides you owe me something for the lickings you used to give me when we were kids."

"All right, Johnny, I will help you, but not on account of the lickings. They helped to make a man of you."

Just then a lady came up the street who attracted my attention. She was just my style, tall, slim, dark and

handsome, and had eyes that talked in spite of herself. She gave me a look that went under my vest and hurt. Johnny had to shake me before I woke up.

"Isn't she the whole works, Johnny?" said I.

"Not exactly, Jack. Her brother is the part of the works I can't make go."

"Johnny," said I, grabbing him by the hand, "now I am in dead earnest. We will land that order if it takes the last drink in the bar."

"How do you propose to do it, Jack?"

"I don't know yet," said I, "but you hold the bunch together that you have and I will agree to land the other duffer—what is his name, anyway?"

"Doctor Davidson," said Johnny, brightening up at my earnestness, "but I don't think you know what you are up against."

"Never mind what I am up against, I have given you my promise and Jack

Henderson never goes back on his word."

I had no idea as to how it could be done, but I had decided that the first thing for me to do was to get acquainted with Miss Davidson. Did it ever strike you, Billy, how hard a chap will work to get acquainted with a woman who strikes his fancy? I don't know of anything he will work harder at unless it is to get rid of one that he has taken a dislike to. I never had much experience in that line, but I was willing to try—no, not willing, for when I thought of those eyes I felt that I must try. I went to work in earnest and I found out that she was the doctor's pet sister, that she lived with him and that her front name was Laura. Billy, I never knew that was such a pretty name before. I actually reformed some, I quit drinking before breakfast.

The next thing I did was to watch my chance and meet her good and fair.

I bowed and smiled, but she gave me the busy signal and passed on, then I waked up to the fact that men did not get acquainted with this kind of a girl in that way. Then it came to me that I had heard that society people always had to be introduced and I realized I was up against it right. I could not help but think of what Dug and Konk would say if they knew I had gone nutty on account of a pair of brown eyes and a smile.

My next stroke was a bold one, but it worked. I dropped in at a church social after I had seen Miss Laura enter the church. It is a fact, Billy, though—if I knew how, I would blush to tell it—I really went into a church after those brown eyes. After I got in there I felt as much out of place as I ever did in school; the only familiar face I saw was Laura's, and I did not dare to look at her. The minister came along and I overheard a little conversation that put me on to the

right track. A lady commenced it by saying:

"I enjoyed your lecture last night very much."

"I am glad you liked it," said the preacher, "I remember seeing you—your husband was with you."

"Oh, no, Mr. Parker, my brother was with me; don't you remember I introduced him to you after the lecture?"

"Yes, yes, certainly," said Mr. Parker, "but there were so many introductions," and I knew by the way he said it he was lying and did not remember her nor her brother. This gave me my cue; I got out of that part of the church and waited until the Rev. Mr. Parker came my way again, then I pounced upon him. I shook hands with him as though he was an uncle whom I expected would die soon and leave me a fortune.

"Mr. Parker," said I, "you remember me, Mr. Henderson, I was intro-

duced to you last night just after your lecture. I was deeply impressed by the way you handled your subject." I had heard someone else say that to him, so I knew it must be the proper caper. He shook hands with me warmly,—he had to, I was doing the shaking and others were talking to him, but I still hung on. Pulling him towards me I said:

"Mr. Parker, I want you to introduce me to Miss Davidson." With this I walked him across the room to where I felt she was watching us, and the deed was done.

"Miss Davidson, allow me to present Mr. Henderson," and the preacher was released and gone. I put out my hand, but there was nothing doing—not with her hands, but her eyes sparkled with fun.

"Mr. Henderson, allow me to congratulate you on your wonderful nerve," said she, and don't you know, Billy, that was a body blow for me. I

was down and nearly out and I know I must have looked foolish. I was not counted out, though, for I recovered before anyone could have counted more than nine.

"Miss Davidson," said I, "I tried to be square and get acquainted without an introduction, but you wouldn't have it that way, so I did the best I could."

"Yes," said she, "and you trapped a preacher into being your tool to carry out your plans."

Say, Billy, but those brown eyes were the only lights in the room, but she had the hooks into me good and proper and I was squirming and gasping for breath. I felt that I could not hurt my case any and I spoke out just as I felt and just as I caught another glimpse of those eyes, I said:

"Miss Laura, I would have gone to the hot place and asked the devil to help me if I could have gotten there quicker than the way I went to work."

"I believe you would, Mr. Hender-

son, and I am glad to know that you are honest even if your language is forceful."

"Call me Jack," said I, "and you can walk on my face."

Say, Billy, wasn't I gone to the bumpers, though?

"Sit down here, Mr. Jack," said she, "I want to talk to you."

We sat down, some one came around with refreshments, cake and ice cream.

"No pot wash for me," said I, "haven't you any—" I was going to say bug juice, but just then Miss Laura stuck a pin into my leg and said to the attendant:

"Mr. Henderson says he does not feel like eating ice cream, but will take something later."

The attendant passed on; ain't she a trump, though.

"Look here, Mr. Jack," said she, "did you ever see Mr. Parker before tonight, or did any one introduce you?"

"You have sized the case all right, Miss Laura, but what of it? I had to do it."

"A song by Miss Davidson," said some one, and Miss Laura turned to me and said:

"Either get your hat and go or else don't speak to any one while I am gone."

"Call me Jack," said I.

"Jack."

"I'll be here."

She was on to my curves all right. She knew if I tried to talk to any of that bunch I would spill. A fellow with a shock of tan colored hair worked the piano for her and she sang something that made me hold my breath. They gave her the hand and then she sang "Home, Sweet Home" in a way that would bring tears from a deaf mute. When she came back to me the tears were running down my cheeks, but I didn't know it until she laughed.

"You are a good-hearted boy," said she, "but don't you think you had better go now? I must not spend all my time with you, you know, and I want to talk to some of the other people."

"No," said I, "this may be my last chance of heaven and I am going to see you home."

She looked startled for a moment and then said:

"All right, you wait here a few minutes."

She came back in a few minutes with her things on. I went home with her and don't remember to have hit the ground but three times walking the four blocks. I don't know what she said to me, but she called me Jack and in some way made it plain to me that I was outclassed. I stayed up with the bartender until he closed up that night, and we got awful chummy with a dub from New York, who had invented a new drink. He called it a "sleeper," and I guess it was, for I

did not wake up until twelve o'clock the next day. When I came down the first man I met was Johnny Morgan. He shook my hand as though he had not seen me for a year, and said, with tears in his voice :

“You are a brick, Jack, you're a brick ; how did you do it? At a meeting of the board this morning the doctor not only voted for my books, but he talked for them.”

Johnny insisted on my taking twenty-five dollars. I hadn't said anything about the books, neither had I thought of them, but it was a case of graft. Anyway, I took the twenty-five.

Yours,

Jack.



"CAPT. JONES, I AM PLEASED TO MAKE
YOUR ACQUAINTANCE."

The Long Salesman.

**Jack
Henderson.**

The Long Salesman.

Wichita, Kans., 190—.

Dear Billy:—

Since I wrote you last I have learned a new lesson in tipping. I used to think that tipping was confined to porters, waiters and congressmen, but I have struck a new lead and I begin to think now that the man doesn't live who is not either giving or taking tips, and the majority of them do both.

While stopping here at the Carrie Hotel I made friends with a traveling salesman for a lumber concern. My first meeting with him came near being my last; the little slim Jim stepped on my foot and I patted him one in the jaw, then for a few seconds there was nothing doing and then there was. That little duffer jumped to his feet, pulled a thirty-two from his pocket and fired at me. The bullet went wide of

the mark and before he could think to fire again, I had taken his gun away and was holding him and his gun apart, one in each hand. That one shot cleared the barroom of all but we two and the bartender, and he was lying full length on the floor behind the bar. The salesman and myself had both been drinking more than was good for us, but the shot had sobered me and I guess it had done as much for him. I gave him back his gun.

"You are a damned poor shot," said I, "put up the popgun and let's take a drink."

We stood up to the bar and I called for the bartender, who managed to get up after a time and set out the red liquor. When the police arrived we were touching glasses and in answer to an inquiry as to where the man was who did the shooting, I answered:

"Couldn't tell you, old man, we just came in; will you have a drink?"

The bartender, after he had waked up to the situation, explained that the man the police wanted had left by the rear door and that was the last we saw of the cops. The bartender then turned to us and ejaculated:

"Well, you two fellows do extract the sweet all right. Here you are chumming together and you don't even know each other's names. Just you have one on the house while I introduce you," which we did and as we clinked the glasses, the bartender said:

"Bless you, my children! Harry Monroe never fired a truer shot than when he drew bead on Jack Henderson, for he brought down a friend—get together there," and we drank and shook hands.

That was my introduction to Harry Monroe, and a whiter rounder never lived. The only trouble with him was he was obliged to divide his time between living and earning money to

live on. Harry got to telling me about his selling lumber on the road and how he did it, but it looked a little punk to me and I told him so. After I said that there was nothing for me to do but to make a trip with him and see how it was done.

He was going to make a trip over a route that he had never traveled before, and he told me it would give me an insight into life that I couldn't get in any other way. I went and the first town we struck was a little place up in nothern Kansas, and the first office we got into was plastered all over with temperance signs. I took a look at Harry to see how he took it, but it never feazed him. He introduced himself to Mr. Brown, the proprietor, and then introduced me as his cousin and said I was traveling for my health. Then he dropped into a chair by the side of Brown and reeled off a string of temperance talk that would have put the average temperance lec-

turer in the ditch. I never knew what a fearful thing drink was before. Harry fairly cried when he told the dealer how his father and three sisters went to the bad on account of drink. Then Harry told him a story about a man who sold his wife's washboard for drink, and, said Harry:

"Just think, she was the only support of her husband and six little children;" then they both cried. We spent two hours in that office and when it was almost train time Harry mentioned his business and took an order for eight cars of lumber. We made a quick get-away to catch the train, and I want to say right here that I was feeling sort of punk about that story of Harry's three sisters. After we got seated in the car and I found I could not keep the destruction of Harry's family out of my mind, I said to him:

"Harry, is your father dead?"

"Dead, well I should say not! He

is preaching down in Swampscott, Massachusetts, and holding his own with the best of them."

"And those sisters of yours?" I added.

"Oh, yes, those sisters, I see now. Well, you see Jack, I never had any sisters, that's why I can put them to the bad so easy. It's like this, Jack, every one you meet has to have what they call down south, 'Lagniappe;' in the north we call it perquisites or graft. In reality it is a tip given by one person to another. Now, a salesman is called on to give out more kinds of tips and give them out in more different ways than any other man that travels. Sometimes we give cigars, sometimes it's a drink or a dinner, and sometimes soft-soap, and other times its tears, but to be a success on the road you must give something."

"Don't you ever make a mistake in giving?" said I.

"Never did but once."

"Tell me about it."

"Not much to tell, Jack. I gave a man the measles once and lost his trade."

He was so nervous about that I felt for a moment that he had walked into some fellow's office and handed out a package marked "measles," expecting to make a hit by doing it.

The next dealer we struck was a little, under-sized, florid man, who had a twinkle in his eye that put you in good humor at once. This time Harry introduced me as a druggist out of a job, and Mr. Wise, the dealer, asked me if I was a good judge of spiritus frumenti.

"Try him," said Harry, and Mr. Wise started for his sash house, motioning for us to follow. We went to the farther end of the sash house and there down inside a pile of sash Mr. Wise fished out a bottle of whiskey. I tasted of it.

"It's rotten," said I, and it was.

Harry laughed and pulling a pint flask from his pocket, said:

"I told Jack to say that so I could offer you a pint of the best that's made."

It was good, and although Mr. Wise did not know the difference, he pretended he did and we didn't do a thing to that pint bottle between us in about ten minutes. The talk of the morning had made me so dry I could hardly stand it. Harry got an order for three cars at that place and then nothing of real worth turned up for a couple of days.

It was always "nuts" to me to see Harry deal out the tips, as he called them, and when we struck a new lead and were working up a new game, he would say:

"I wonder what this geezer will take, cigars, whiskey, or soft-soap?"

One morning about eight o'clock we came in sight of a lumber yard with a small office; standing above on the

top of the office was a signboard on which was painted Capt. J. J. Jones. I called Harry's attention to it and said:

"How is that for conceit?"

Harry commenced counting on his fingers:

"One, two, three, four, five. That's the checker, Capt. Jones, J. J., you are my meat. He needs the army tip and I'm the boy who can tip him."

We walked into the office, there were three men there. Harry never hesitated a moment but walked up to one of them, held out his hand, and said:

"Captain Jones, I am pleased to make your acquaintance. There is not a man who ever fought in the Civil War that I would not go miles to see. I have always felt sorry that I did not live in those stirring times. What regiment were you in, Colonel?"

"The—the —— Pennsylvania," said Mr. Jones, "and there was no finer regiment in the service."

The other two men had gone out of the office.

“Colonel,” said Harry, “it must have been grand to have led such a regiment as that on the field of battle; it must have been awe-inspiring to have sat there on the different horses that were shot from under you, giving your orders to the staff officers for this battalion to charge or that battalion to take a certain point of vantage. I can see you now, as you sat upon your milk-white steed, raise up in your stirrups and a determined look in your fearless face, wave your sword and say, ‘Follow me, men, victory is ours!’ Oh, but it must have been grand. I tell you, General, I cannot help but envy you just a little and I will confess why. During the Spanish War I enlisted seven times, and each time I was left behind because my height was too great for my width. It is awful, General, to be so afflicted. Now had I your commanding figure (Mr. Jones

was round-shouldered and bow-legged), I might have died for my country, and had I a noble brow like yours (Mr. Jones' forehead sloped back like that of an ape), I might at least have married the daughter of a Moro chief and been court-martialed after I got home for leaving her with my mother-in-law."

Harry was really out of breath and Capt. Jones broke in and said:

"You don't belong in this town, do you? Are you a traveling man?"

"Yes," said Harry, with a sigh, "I am a lumber salesman, but General, tell me of some of the rivers you swam and of some of the hair-breadth escapes you have been through. I could stay here all day and feast on your words. You knew Grant and Sherman and Lee well, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Capt. Jones, "I have seen them all, but say, what are two-by-fours worth, delivered here?"

Harry woke up with a start.

L. of C.

"By Jove, I must have forgotten myself." He took a price list out of his pocket and throwing it on the desk in front of the captain, said:

"There are my prices, General, if you want anything pick it out, but let me sit down here near you and gaze on a man who at one time was a friend and confidant of General Grant."

Talk about spreading it on thick, slush, and all that—well, when we left the mighty man of war, Harry had orders for seven cars of lumber.

"Gee! that's a good order," said Harry, "I wonder if the bow-legged old chimpanzee is good for that much all at once."

One night we got into a dealer's office about six o'clock; the dealer was just shutting up to go home. Harry always introduced me differently to every one we met and it happened that at this particular office he introduced me as a theological student. I was not at all surprised, as he had introduced me as almost everything.

The dealer invited us to go with him for supper. I wanted to cut it out, but Harry leaned towards the house, as I suppose he thought he saw an order ahead. When we sat down to supper, there were besides Harry and myself, the dealer, his wife and six boys ranging from twelve to twenty years of age. They had a whole roast pig for supper, but it was the smallest pig I ever saw, either dead or alive. I was hungry and as I looked around that table and saw the anxious eyes that were sizing up that pig, I could not help but think that if I could get one crack at it myself, that the rest of them would go to bed hungry.

We were all seated, but there was nothing doing. I looked to see what the trouble was; the old man was nodding at me. I glanced at Harry, he was grinning. I looked myself over to see what was the matter with me and then the old man spoke:

"Please ask a blessing, Mr. Henderson." Then it occurred to me that Harry had introduced me as a theological student and the perspiration started out all over me. I knew every eye was on me and I looked at the pig for inspiration. The thought came to me that I must carry out the part if it took a wing. My eye rested on the pig as it stood on the platter on all fours, and its small size struck me more forcibly. I thought and before I could suppress the words, I had said my thoughts aloud:

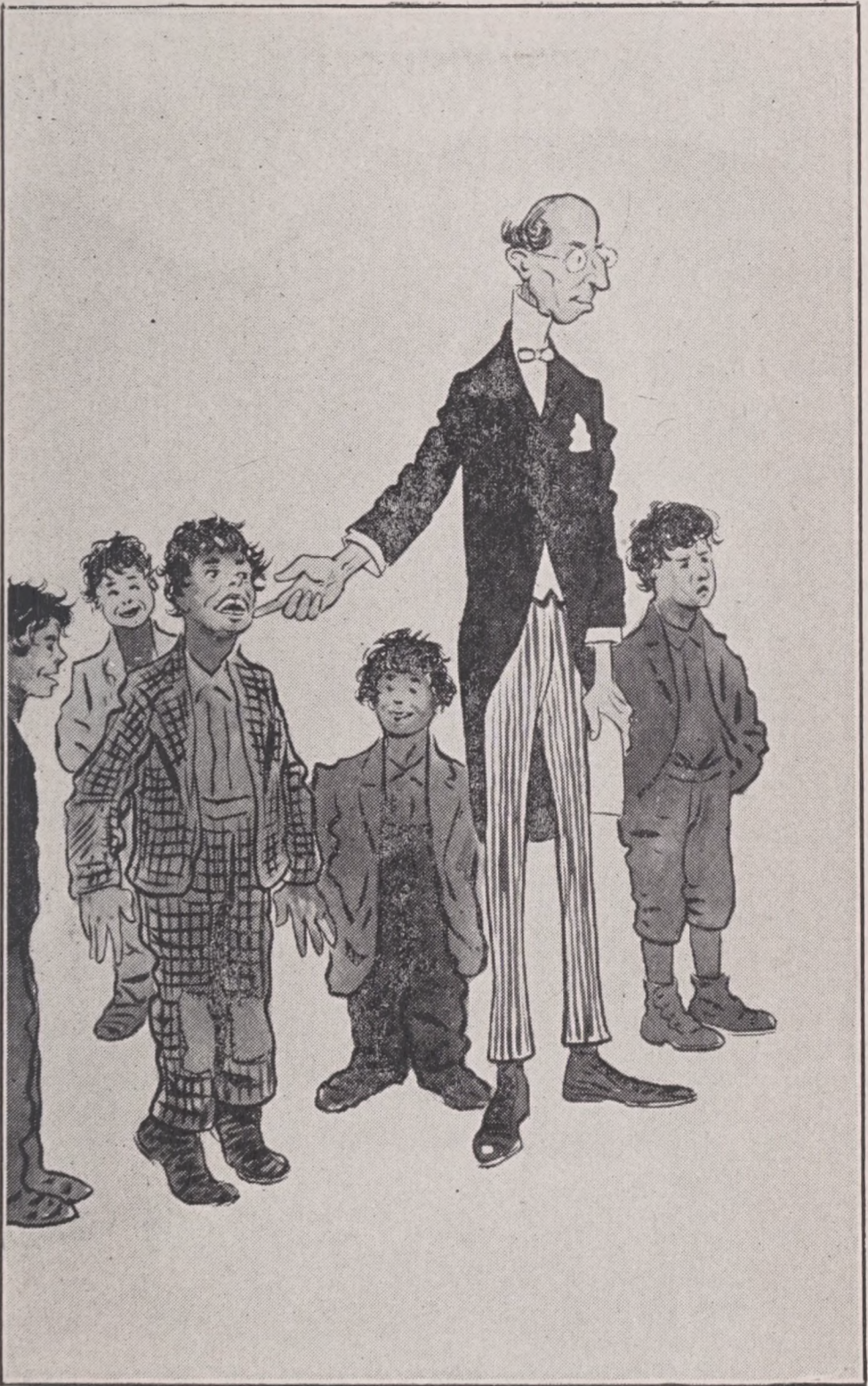
"It's too d——d small."

The boys had been worked up to a high pitch by the size of the pig and the failure to get started right, and they gave a holler that shook the dishes on the table, the old man looked ugly, the old woman fainted and during the excitement Harry and I made a break for the door. We left that night; we had queered ourselves with the only dealer there. Harry was in-

clined to laugh the affair off, but it seemed to me as though I had made an awful break somehow. Say, but it was an awful little pig, though.

So long, Billy,

Jack.



THE ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT.

At The Mission School.

**Jack
Henderson.**

At the Mission School.

Topeka, Kansas, 190—.

Dear Billy:—

Say, Billy, do you cotton to kids? I don't suppose you know whether you do or not, but if anyone should ask you about me, tell them I don't. And I've been thinking about it quite a bit lately.

Do you remember Ed Cook? He came out to Kansas three years ago and got married. He and his wife are here now and her sister lives with them.

I met Ed Sunday afternoon. He was wearing a Y. M. C. A. button, and looked the part so well that I didn't intend to speak to him, but he signaled me and piloted me up to the shelf in the apartment building where he sleeps.

We hadn't been talking very long

when the door opened and the sister came in. She was dressed to go out, and looked as if she was expecting someone.

"Lou," said Ed, "let me introduce Mr. Henderson. My sister, Miss Hargreaves, Mr. Henderson."

The girl bowed but looked kind of puzzled.

"I thought you said his name was Clark," she said.

"Oh, Clark's sick—couldn't come today," answered Ed.

"Oh, dear," she said. "Why didn't you tell me sooner? I simply have to have a young man today, and it's too late now to find anyone. I don't know what to do."

She was looking at me kind of pleadingly and I said:

"Is it anything I can do?"

Ed gave her a foxy smile and said,

"Why sure, Lou. That's just the combination. Jack's just the boy you want."

"He looks as if he would be," she said, looking at me thoughtfully. "I'm sure it's awfully kind of you, Mr. Henderson. I suppose you've had experience in this work. Most young men have."

I wasn't very sure what she meant, but I couldn't think of any experience just then that I hadn't had, so I trailed along after her as she started for the door.

"Sorry you have to go, Jack," Ed said; "but we'll see you again."

It wasn't such a bad trip. The young lady was quite vivacious. She told me that she was studying music and put in her Sunday afternoons playing in a dago mission Sunday School. Then I began to tumble. I sure hadn't had any experience of that kind.

"There's the dearest class of little boys," she told me. "Italians and Greeks, mostly, and so interesting. If my time wasn't so taken up with the

music I'd like to take them myself, but I can't do both, of course. It was so sweet of you to volunteer, Mr. Henderson."

I looked at her, but her face was full of gratitude and friendliness, and I couldn't believe she was really trying to work me. But I didn't remember volunteering to teach a class of dirty little Ginnies.

"Ed comes down here frequently and helps," she said. "He finds the work so interesting. And it is such good experience, don't you think so, Mr. Henderson? Oh, here we are."

I felt weak. I looked up and down the street, but couldn't get out any good reason for deserting the lady just at that point. Before I had decided on anything I found myself in a big room full of chairs in rows with kids placed around in bunches waiting for the show to begin.

"We're a little late," Miss Hargreaves said, hastily; "but Miss

Smith will take care of you. Miss Smith, this is Mr. Henderson. He wants to teach the class we were speaking of," and she was chasing down the aisle to the organ before I could get my breath.

The other young lady was very cordial. She acted as though I was all she had been waiting for. She asked me if I had been in mission work long, and what I thought of the question of the evangelization of the slums of the cities, and if I had a quarterly. I answered "No" to the last question—she didn't give me time to answer the others—and she chased off and brought me a paper book which, she said, had the lesson in it.

I looked around while she was off for the book. There was just one door to the room and a fat woman was standing there, arguing with a little boy who wanted to get out. There didn't seem to be much doing

in that quarter, so I braced up and prepared to take my medicine like a man.

"Here are your boys," she said, piloting me to a bunch of greasy looking little devils. "Boys, this is Mr. Henderson. You must be real good to him," and she gave us all a sweet smile and faded away.

A pale young man with a Sunny Jim face was standing by the bunch. He told me he was the assistant superintendent and had to keep order. He said he always gave a little extra attention to these boys.

"I guess you'd better take them into the class room early," he said. "They seem to be a bit uneasy today."

He opened a little door in the wall and the kids fell over themselves into the next room. Then the door was shut, but I couldn't have heard what was doing in the next room, anyway, for the way those little dagos were

howling would have made a room full of maniacs seem like a summer breeze. Just to remind them that I was there I picked up two of them and cracked their heads together. That seemed to interest them a little, and the other boys stopped to take rubbers at the fun. I couldn't see as I was hurting them any, so I went on batting them. The rest of the crowd evidently got a hunch as to what might be coming to them, for they all filed over to a row of chairs and sat down. It was so still all of a sudden that I could hear their heads crack as I brought them together.

"Now, see here," said I, letting go of the two interesting little dears I was operating on, "I'm willing to do the fair thing if you give me the chance. If you can sit still without talking or moving I'll give you each a quarter when they let us out of here."

"Dat's Isidore Simon. He'll get

de quarter," one of the kids said. But the rest of them were too anxious for the money to talk.

"Remember," I said, fearing I hadn't made it strong enough, "I'll pound daylight out of the first one of you little devils that opens his mouth."

It was enough. I sat there for thirty-five minutes by my watch with that row of brats sitting there as still as if they were dead. The bell rang and I let them file out into the other room, and they did it in great style. Then I had to chase out and get the change to pay them off. As soon as the meeting let out the two young ladies and the assistant superintendent piked up to me and began to all talk at once.

"Oh, Mr. Henderson," the girls said together, "we must congratulate you on your success. You are perfectly wonderful with children! No one ever handled those boys so well

before! Couldn't you take the class permanently?"

Say, Billy, I thought I'd made a hit. I thought that everything was coming my way, from the way they crowded each other to flash a happy look at me. It must have made me kind of dizzy to get it all in a bunch like that, for before I could think what to say in such a nice crowd as that, Ed's sister-in-law had got her jacket on and was walking off with Sunny Jim.

She looked back at me with a real sweet smile. "Good-bye, Mr. Henderson," she said. "I'm awfully sorry, but Mr. Williams and I have to go to a committee meeting right away. I wish you would come again. I think it is lovely to meet a young man who is so fond of children."

Wouldn't kids be poison to you after that? Just think, the best looking of the two going off with a white livered guy like that! If I had been full she would have taken more no-

tice of me. I was so sore that I didn't know that the other girl was talking to me until I heard:

"So if you'll kindly excuse me I'll go and attend to it now. Mr. Williams has so much to do, and I like to help him all that I can. Don't you think he is a splendid young man, Mr. Henderson? And such a worker!"

"I think you're all a bunch of workers," I said. But she just smiled and said, "Oh, thank you! Good-bye!"

No more Sunday School for me, Billy. It's too costly for the returns.

Yours,

Jack.

JUN 5 1905

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing Agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date:

AUG

1996



BOOKKEEPER

PRESERVATION TECHNOLOGIES, INC.

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Twp., PA 16066
(412) 779-2111

NS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00022221450

